

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1921.

WHY GRIFFITH AND COLLINS ARE IRISH IDOLS

One Is the Fixed Sun, Other the Comet in Hibernian Firmament

A VIVID word picture is here given of two Irishmen who, while able to work together and to the same great end, represent absolutely different types among their countrymen. In speech, in the way each works, in trend of thought, they are not even complementary. Michael Collins, "Black Irish," is a powerful orator. Arthur Griffith influences with the pen. Collins, always cheerful, is a good mixer. Griffith, in his quarter century of devotion to his country, as with most writers, has done his best work in solitude.

Personality Studies of Two Great Sinn Fein Leaders Reveal Distinct Characters and Methods, but Each Is Devoted to Single Aim—Strain of Recent Warfare With Crown Forces Reflected in Appearance and Manners—First Hand Study of Their Accomplishments Illuminating to Lay Reader

ably number among themselves one or two of those shipwrecked mariners of Spain's armada who have scattered Mediterranean fire and Mediterranean pigment among the Celtic blonds and reds. Collins carries his shock of black hair nearly six feet from the ground a-top a broad frame of

could be monkeying with finance. And since I got to London and lived in the same house with him I know how both stories are true. He works regularly from 6 one morning until 3 the next.

Energy is Collins's most striking characteristic. He is seldom still. He walks fast, he talks fast, he thinks fast. He seldom sits down. When he does one never gets the idea that he is either still or resting. His snapping black eyes dart from one place to another. He retains the same position for only a few moments. Scowl and frown chase each other across his mobile and expressive countenance. And it is a countenance not easily forgotten. Quick as his eyes are, they meet other eyes with an almost disconcerting intensity, unless the glance is accompanied by one of his wide-mouthed smiles. Yet even when his big mouth spreads into a grin it spreads firmly. There is little of the sinister about his face—unless he wants to make it so, and then eyes and mouth and chin can combine into a veritable mask of terror.

Collins dresses carefully and well, as a rule, though distinctly in the ready-made fashion. He might be a prosperous blacksmith on a Sunday. He smokes cigars moderately, but, like so many of the Sinn Fein leaders, particularly the activists, he is a total abstainer from spirits. The usual photographs of Collins are not accurate. It is to be suggested that they were taken in his youth—and he is now well into middle life. He is in the flesh and in the first photographs taken of him in a long time, those since he went to London, squarer, firmer and heavier than he is usually shown. He has cut his hair closer and he wears a small stiff mustache.

The Crown forces, it may be said, were severely handicapped in their searches for Collins by their lack of a recent photograph. It enabled him many times to slip through the very fingers that were seeking to close about him and the \$50,000 the Crown had placed on his head. Few Englishmen knew Collins by sight. Those Irishmen in the police or elsewhere who did, and who sought to give the Crown the benefit of that information, did not live long enough to make good on it.

He is 40. He was born of humble parents in County Kerry, got an ordinary elementary education, worked for a while with his brother in a grocery business and then went to a job in the post office. He was a sorter for a time at the London General Post Office, but was transferred back to Ireland, and it may be assumed that much of the marvelous intelligence work of Sinn Fein was due to the friends Mick Collins had made in almost every post office in the country.

He was in Dublin in 1914 when the Young Ireland movement was given cohesion by refusal to fight "Britain's war," and he fought and was captured in the rebellion of 1916. He is one of the few of the important leaders who does not profess to be a poet.

His knowledge of detail, accounting and finance led him naturally into the fiscal activities of Sinn Fein, but his courage, his physical powers and his organizing and leading skill gave him also high military place. His narrow escapes were legion,

yet they never even tickled his nerve. When Francis Teeling was taken out of a Dublin jail on the eve of his execution in a British uniform that had been boldly smuggled to him, after it had been stolen with the aid of three charmingly innocent little Cumann Bna Baughan girls, it was Collins and his copartner, "Red" Mulcahy, who drove to within a hundred yards of the prison, where hundreds of armed men would have shot either on sight, the Ford car into which Teeling stepped and was hurried off. No job was too big, or too small, for Collins.

It will be remembered that he did not appear in public until after the truce had been actually arranged. And it was discretion for him not to. There were scores of men in Dublin in those days yearning to put a notch on their gun and £10,000 in the bank for Michael Collins, dead. Many of these men are still in Ireland and a large part of their lust for Michael Collins's hide is due to a fighting man's simple eagerness to avenge a pal. Most of these men have now probably had a look at Collins for the first time. It is the gossip in Dublin that Collins will live but a very few hours after the recommencement of hostilities.

But even Collins's enemies say that is not the controlling reason for Collins's anxiety for peace. He knows what war in Ireland means, not only to himself but to thousands of Irish men, women and children. He honestly believes that to gain more than the present offer, even if such a gain were possible, is not worth the cost of more Irish lives.

His passionate oratorical brilliancy during the past few days is something of a surprise even to those who knew him well. He was always a forceful talker in conferences, but seldom made use of the devices on the sentimental side of rhetoric. As a planner, a statistician and a leader of men he had shown his powers. The development of this new force of oratory will make him loom large in the days to come for Ireland and the Empire. If Griffith succeeds De Valera at the head of the Irish Government, Collins will probably be again Minister of Finance, though there is also much talk favoring him as the titular head of the new State.

Dogged, Determined, Forceful Is the Older Man, Griffith

Griffith is an older man than Collins, probably well into the fifties. And, great as have been Collins's services to the nascent State, Griffith's are probably greater, for he was laboring in this vineyard a quarter of a century ago, when Collins was a raw gossoon. And those who remember or have since read Griffith's early efforts and his later ones see the unmistakable imprint of this dogged, determined, forceful man in almost every line of the treaty.

Back in 1898, when he began to edit and publish the *United Irishman*, with "A. E." John Eglington and William B. Yeats, no man was more insistent than he on Ireland's right to nationhood, and none more ready than he to admit the inexorable geographic necessity for some connection with England. He had spent a long time in South Africa, around Johannesburg, and

his pen name in those days was "Cuguan," not an Irish name, but a Kaffir one. The mine laborers had bestowed it on him and it means "The Gentle One" or "The Dove."

He is gentle. But it takes more than a passing glance to guess it. Small and round, he has a bull neck and a wide, tight

his own with a matter of fact directness, crispness and brevity of great effect.

He is not more than 5 feet 5 inches, and he probably weighs 175 pounds. Yet he is hard as nails. He is a great walker and a great swimmer. Up to the time the Irish war became too hot for any man in Griffith's position ever to be out of hand's reach of his shoes, he used to swim daily, winter and summer, in Dublin Bay. He is extremely myopic. His rather small, glittering brown eyes peer eagerly and shiftingly from behind a funny little pair of steel-rimmed eyeglasses of high power. This rather belies the man's actual condition of robust physical well-being. But it is true that within the last year or two the strain has made him nervous. The last two

Michael Collins, fervently kinetic parliamentarian and politician, in Sinn Fein's interest from its start.



By JOHN M'HUGH STUART,
London Correspondent of The New York Herald.

Copyright, 1921, by THE NEW YORK HERALD.

TWO new stars have risen in the Irish firmament. But they are not Castor and Pollux. No one would ever suspect Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins of being twins, or even brothers. Arthur Griffith is one of the fixed stars of the Hibernian constellation. About him and within his influence revolve whole systems of Irish thought. His powerful gravitational attraction influences them all. To many his rays are not visible; yet Griffith is always "there," silent, hidden perhaps, but invariable, constant.

Collins, on the other hand, is a comet. He flashes through the skies with a glowing tail of gallant tradition in his wake. He makes periodic appearances to stir men to battle, to lead them to prayer, even to guide them to some new Bethlehem. His ultimate effect may be just as important as that of Griffith, but it is of a distinctly different kind, in the whirl of things that are going to make up the new Irish heavens.

De Valera may be better likened to a meteor. He, too, flashed across the Irish sky. He, too, played his part in influencing Irish destinies. But when meteors fall, brilliant and important as they may have been, they do not reappear. Collins will.

Collins for the Nonce Is Rosaleen's Favorite

He is now reaching the perigee of his present manifestation. He is showing himself a fervently kinetic parliamentarian and politician. He had already proved himself thinker, organizer, leader in the fight of the formation of Sinn Fein and its fight for life. He is to-day beyond compare the darling of all Dark Rosaleen's children.

And in appearance, in character and in temperament he is all that the beau ideal of Dark Rosaleen's darling boy should be. He's "black Irish." His ancestors prob-

heavy bone and muscle. In the old days it would have taken a heavyweight mare indeed to carry him to the Irish wars. Now he is a virtuoso on the three pedals of a Ford. They say he can make a Ford take a five bar gate or a Galway stone wall. Fordmanship, be it noted, has well nigh displaced horsemanship in modern Irish hero liturgy. Every Irishman loves still to play with a horse, but he does his work and his fighting with gasoline.

A few years ago, The Man on Horseback might have been a literal as well as figurative description of Collins, and it is now merely figurative. But he has all the attributes that go with the old cavaliers. He is bold, he is amusing, he is gallant, he is charming, he is gay—and under it all he has a strain of steel.

He popped—despite his size and bulk, Collins does pop—into a room at the Irish headquarters in London a few weeks ago, and called, something gayly in Gaelic to Desmond Fitzgerald, the Sinn Fein Minister of Information and head of the marvelous propaganda that has meant so much to the cause, because, as a rule, it was honest propaganda. Desmond replied in plain "Sassenach."

"Damn your hide, Mick Collins!" and then, as Collins laughed, popped out again, went down the five front steps in two jumps and into a waiting motor car with another, Fitzgerald wailed:

"That's another night without sleep for me—and I've got to sleep. He doesn't. When I was working in Dublin I used to see a great deal of Mick in connection with the Finance Ministry. He knew every digit in the whole complicated double system of Irish finance. He had it all at his fingers' ends. And I used to think honestly it was all Dublin Castle lies to call him head of the army. But when I got to Ballyknlar internment camp the boys from the army, who were there used to come to me and say, 'Sure, Desmond, that must be all camouflage, that stuff about Collins being Minister of Finance. Sure no one who was out with the boys as many times as he is

HIGH LIGHTS IN THE CHARACTER ANALYSIS OF TWO PRESENT DAY IRISH LEADERS

Michael Collins.

COLLINS is a comet. He flashes through the skies . . . He makes periodic appearances to stir men to battle, to lead them to prayer . . . He is one of the few of the important leaders who does not profess to be a poet.

He has all the attributes that go with the old cavaliers. He is bold, he is amusing, he is gallant, he is charming, he is gay . . .

Collins dresses carefully and well, but in ready made fashion. He might be a prosperous blacksmith on a Sunday.

His passionate oratorical brilliancy is something of a surprise even to those who know him well. He seldom makes use of the devices on the sentimental side of rhetoric.

In appearance, in character, in temperament, he is all that the beau ideal of Dark Rosaleen's darling boy should be. "He's black Irish."

He is seldom still. He walks fast, he talks fast, he thinks fast . . . His snapping black eyes dart from one place to another . . . they meet other eyes with almost a disconcerting intensity.

Arthur Griffith.

He is soaked to the eyes in documents and the literature of the American War of Independence . . . He had a Washington for every British Lincoln. His Kaffir name is "Cuguan," meaning "The Gentle One" or "The Dove."

Fixity is the striking note of Griffith's character . . . He will stand or sit for hours with neck and mouth and chin looking as if they were hewn of basalt, motionless, immovable, fixed.

Griffith is not an orator, but a writing man. As a political pamphleteer the Irish rank him even as high as Dean Swift. . . . His rather small, glittering, brown eyes peer eagerly and shiftingly from behind a funny little pair of steel rimmed eyeglasses of high power.

Out of his political role he is an interesting and charming companion. He has a remarkable fund of information, historical, political, personal . . .

Griffith is probably well into the fifties—not more than 5 feet 5 inches tall and he probably weighs 175 pounds.



drawn mouth that seldom smiles above his craggy chin. He will stand or sit for hours with that neck and mouth and chin looking as if they were hewn of basalt, motionless, immovable, fixed.

Fixity, in fact, is the striking note of Griffith's character. It is easy to see what an admirable machine he and Collins made during the conferences with Lloyd George. Collins was the light cavalry. It was he who could venture out with a merry tinkle of sabers, in friendly salute or deadly engagement, with the light cavalry wit and speed of Lloyd George himself. It was Collins who could open the way to understanding with the fellow Celt, with the mercurial Churchill, with the "galloping" Bismarck, or even with solemn Austen Chamberlain. They say he made them all laugh.

But when there was need for siege artillery to hammer wide a breach made by Collins's thrust, it must have been Arthur Griffith who lumbered up and spoke through his clenched teeth—he has that unamiable but sometimes effective habit; or if there were need for a holding line upon which to fall back before the assault of Lloyd George's foot and horse and guns it is easy to imagine Collins scurrying into the rear of that basalt chin, that mouth like a granite trench and that taut bull neck, whence thundered a devastating salvo or two of crisp sentences aimed with deadly accuracy at the weakest point of the enemy line.

Arthur Griffith a Writer And Not an Orator

Griffith is not an orator. He is a writing man, not a talking one. As a political pamphleteer, the Irish rank him even as high as Dean Swift. But he makes a bad speech. In conversational argument, however, he can throw a bitter brand of poison gas, stripped of all ornament and penetratingly keen. He takes little time for politeness. Though his general attitude is courteous, he does not hesitate to show scorn of his opponent's view and to state

or three times I saw him he seemed shifty and uncomfortable in conversation, in strong contrast to the easy, steady, still manner that marked him upon one or two earlier occasions.

His crisp, dark brown hair is neither grizzled nor sparse, and he walks with the vigorous sloop of the trained long distance tramp. Out of his political role he is a charming and interesting companion. He has a remarkable fund of information, historical, political and personal, at his tongue's tip and he gives it off generously in social conversation.

Aside from his South African experience, he was greatly interested in the establishment of the Hungarian kingdom within the Austrian Empire. He wrote a book on it that is the *Vade Mecum* of the faction of Sinn Fein that stands with him to-day. He and they see a close parallel between the last century effort to accommodate nationalism with imperialism along the Danube and the present effort to make the same accommodation either side of the Irish Sea.

He is soaked to the eyes, too, in the literature and the documents of the American War of Independence. No American can quote George Washington with greater present day appositeness than he. He wrote most of the replies Sinn Fein made to Lloyd George's frequent citations of Lincoln against disunion. He had a Washington for every British Lincoln.

He probably has a more cosmopolitan outlook than any other Irish leader at the present time. He lacks Collins's great personal magnetism, but his influence, both within and without Ireland, is probably greater than Collins's. It rests on sound foundations of long service to the cause of Irish freedom and on soundness, strength and honesty of personal character, upon which even his bitterest enemies have never been able to cast a spot. His ancestry is probably Welsh in some respect, but his understanding of Ireland is perfect. Ireland under his sagacity, his strength and his steadiness would not fare ill.